BOOKS OF THE WEEK PASSED BEFORE THE REVIEWER'S EYE

"The Private

BEVERLY, OF GRAUSTARK, By George
Barr McCutcheon, 357 pp., 41,50. Dodd,
Mend & Co., New York, For Sale
here by Bell Book & Statienery Co.
Those who followed in "Graustark" the
adventures of Lorry Grenfall, will no
doubt recall that at the close of the
volume that "splendid fellow," as the
author terms him, finally won the hand
of the Princess Yetive, of Graustark,
Thereafter, Mrs. Grenfall, as we suppose
sine must new be called, made her residence for the most part with her husband
in Washington; and in that city cestablished a firm friendship with Miss Beverly Calhoun, one of the fair flowers of
the Southland. Trouble arising in the
Princess' dominions, she was called sud-

Princess' dominions, she was called suddenly back to look after matters at her capital, and nothing would do but for Beverly to make arrangements to meether friends is Graustark a month or two later. Thereby hangs the tale.

It was Baldos, the goat hunter, who captured first Beverly's interest, and then her heart. The acquaintance between the two young people began while Beverly was taking the last part of her journey by coach. Taking fright at some fancied peril, her entire escort down to her very driver suddenly soutlied away, and left poor Beverly alone with only her black mammy Aunt Fanny, for company. At this critical moment she became aware that her road was blocked by a straggling band of tattered-looking men, led by a picturesque young fellow with a rakish feather in his hat and a black patch over his left eye. That the latter was for rather effect than to soothe any read optical weakness was clearly demonstrated a little later, when Beverly happened to notice that the patch, after failing off, had been carlessly replaced over a different eye. Though dressed in anything but the fashion, this singular young man clearly mean no harm different eye. Though dressed anything but the hashon, this single-r young man clearly meant no harm Beverly; and he now demonstrated is good will by doing everything in his wer toward securing her as comfortable night's slumber as possible. Said he,

ologetically:
I regret, your highness, that the conisences are so few. We have no landy except Mother Earth, no waiters,
porters, no maids, in the Inn of the
wik and Raven. This being a men's
el the baths are on the river front, having water brought to your ents, but it is with deepest shame

more than once occur to the discerning cader that possibly his goat-hunting was merely a pose, a convenient cleak in which to enshroud his real identity. On his point we will shed no enlightment whatever, further than to affirm that galdos's injectry entitled him to a first-act social position, and inade it not too resumptions for him to aspire to the and of the beautiful Beverly. Baldos made himself so agreeable to be young woman from America, that the insisted on securing a place for im in the castle guard at Edelweiss, and this way manuaged to see a greent

him in the eastle guard at Edelweiss, and in this way managed to see a great deal of him. Old Count Marlanx, known as the Iron Count, and five times a widower, made himself very disagreeable to Boverly, and give her a good deal of trouble generally; but he was made to bite the dust before she and Baldos got through with him. The only sword-play that the story affords is the bout between the handsome young guardsman and the Count, in the secret passage under the castle. It is not at all a bloody story. The lighting is all of the sub-terrancen sort-plot and counter-plot, seen sort—plot and counter-plot, se-iters, suspicions, accusations and

Our own laste does not run very trongly to stories of this sort; but we are aware that we are rather in the respect, and Beverly's diventures will negloubt be followed enhusiastically by many interested readers.

THE PRIVATE TUTOR. By Gamaliel

Bradford, Jr. 322 pp., 81.59 Hough-ton, Miffin & Co., New York, Robert Gordon, the well-mannered and agreeable "Private Tutor," accepted a very large order indeed when he contracted to infuse a little of his own gentlemanly pages of "Love-in-Chief," Indeed, this

remarks upon the subject to his father's old friend:

"Now, look here. Stanton, you just listen to me." * I want you to understand, once for all, it won't do, it won't do. That daughter of yours is a china doll; but that's nothing to me. Only you just get on the fact that she don't suit, and she won't suit. When you understand that, perhaps you'll quit insulting other women who are just as good as she is. Oh, if there's anything I do hate, it's these people who put on sirs because others ain't good enough for 'em. See?"

We are glad to say that immediately at the conclusion of this graceful little speech. Edgar was ordered sharply out of Mr. Stanton's house.

Or possible the subject to his father's own timely arrival of Noel Farquhar, M. I who makes a practice of charity' be cause it looks well, and who now take Lucian to his home. Farquhar is the next oddest character in the book, Ilh hyprocrisy was of such antiquity that the had become scarcely hypocrisy at all, but now and then some keen observer, for instance Lucian, catches him up. While Lucian lay in Farquhar's house in an apparently connected the member of Parliament respectable m

Mr. Stanton's house. Of course, a youth, whose father has \$50,000,000 in the bank, can say the can say things that would not be for a moment brooked from a young sprig of poverty; but we agree with Mr. Stanton in thinking that young

Mr. Payne had hit upon Europe as an ideal vicinity for toning down Edgar's high lights, and the story finds Gordon and young hopeful in Rome. Thither, also, came the Stantons, including Priscilla. Old Payne remained at his desk in Chicago, making money every time he turned around, but his heart was strongly set on bringing about the desired match. Naturally the situation became somewhat awkward when Gordon found that he was pretty deep in love with Priscilla himself. Faithful to his frust, however, he endeavored to turn his pupil's heart in the direction indicated by parental desires; but Edgar's responses were so offensive that Gordon alone, of sill tulors would be a continued to the continued of the continued

"The Eagle's Shadow," a Clever Story by James Branch Cabell.

| Story by James Branch Cabell. | a shady past got Edgar into her clutches, with a calculating eye fixed upon the old gentleman's millions; but when it came to a point of taking the obnoxious cub for better or worse, she jumped the game and sent him about his business. Matters get somewhat complicated toward the end, but Priscilla rights them with a woman's easy diplomacy. Priscilla rights them with a woman's easy diplomacy. Prisconting was by this time engaged to be married, but it would be unfair to the reader to betray the lucky gentleman's lightest symptoms of approaching send gentleman's name.

This is an agreeable little story which almost anybody can read with pleasurable interest. It is said to be the author's first venture into the field of novelmaking, and in this case he has certainly made a very creditable beginning.

THE REVELATION OF HERSELF. By Mary Farley Sanborn, 288 pp., \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co. New York. For sale here by Bell Book & Stationery Company. Company.

Company.

This is another of those intimate outpourings in which a woman is supposed to "tell the truth about herself;" and on this score at once invites comparison with "The Confession of a Wife," "I," and other similar volumes of recent memand other similar volumes of recent memory. In general manner, "The Revelation of Herself," is particularly reminiscent of the first of the two mentioned, though it is not by any means so good. The "Confessions" of Marna, wife, despite the levity with which that work with received in certain quarters, and the spirit of byrlesque which it raised rampant in the land, was with full its absurdation, a rather unusually good piece of work. That is considerably higher commendation than can be meted out to

ties, a rather inusting southernoon work. That is considerably higher commendation than can be meted out to "The Revelations of Herself."

Notwithstanding the alluring title, Herself, really reveals very little, a piece of information which will be a disappointment to those who are led to hope for a frank story of a lady's heart. The first revelation is made on page 1, when it is pretty plainly intimated that Herself, or Madge, as she is known in real life, is interested in a gentleman of the name of Tony, and this is the only one of any consequence that we have been able to find. The claboration of the initial revelation is the story. Grandmother Pullen has a paralytic stroke, and Madge is summoned to the old lady's bedside, leaving Tony disconding the story of the clayers.

a good plot and brisk action. The letter-novel is, at least, a very trying lind of thing, because it is so horribly unnatural. The author, in the dufful endeavor to explain the situation to the reader, is obliged to force his people to write things in their letters that they would not, if left to themselves, conceivably write. Thus Herself pens the following:

followine:

"Then I asked you if you could tell me who it was that wrote the editorials on social conditions which I had read in the Gazer, and you answered." etc.

As Tony was no doubt quite familiar with the events referred to we may safely assume that they are here set down, not for his edification, but merely, for the sake of putting the public "next."

There is, also, plenty of this port of stuff in Madge's letters:

"As I sent my soul out to meet yours.

"As I sent my soul out to meet yours, it seemed indeed that you five very near. I had seen you only a few hours before. Your dear, straightforward, clear blue eyes, your sequare shoulders and strong, supple hands, and the parting of your thick, dark crisp halr.".

People who like this sort of thing will be death and the contract of the parting of the contract of the parting that the parting the parting that the parting the parting that the parting the parting the parting that the parting the parting the parting the parting that the parting the parting the parting the parting that the parting the partin

LOVE.IN-CHIEF. By Rose K. Weekes, 259 pp., Harper & Brox., New York, For sale here by Bell Book & Sta-tionery Company.

Some unusual characters tread the infuse a little of his own gentlemanly culture into the personality of the wealthy Mr. Payne's son, Edgar. Young Payne was by nature about as far from being a gentleman as the mind can well conceive. It is not too much indeed to say that he was one of the most outrageous and intolerable young bounders that ever broke into a scelal function. Payne, senior, and Mr. Stanton were life-long friends, and they had early formulated the pleasant plan of a marriage between the son of the one and the daughter of the other. At length the young peeple, now just grown, met for the first time in many years, liow Edgar sized up the situation we may perhaps best express in his own remarks upon the subject to his father's class with the property of the lings, and lacking a bed of his own, lee down in the muddy road, without fear and without clation, to die. This old friend:

"Now, look here, Stanton, you just

glass.

Dolly Fane, too, was a little eccentric, Dolly was "a hearity, a wild rider, untu-tored and untamed," and had contracted the had habit of going poaching with her brother, Bernard. This predicction for other people's game naturally cut the two young Fanes off from the society of their peers. Dolly never minded her ostractzation much, and she minded it less than ever when Fireness because

Brothers, New York.

That Abner Daniel is still alive and decidedly flourishing is the pleasant tidings conveyed by Mr. Harben's latest book. "The Georgians." Abner shows not the slightest symptoms of approaching senile decay, and his big heart remains as big and as warm as of yore. In the present story he is chiefly busied in securing the acquittal of old Si Warren, who is in fail, under sentence of death for murder; but he finds time between whiles to bring about a reconciliation between Henry Yaughn, the obnexious Afrophile, and his misjudged son, Eric, and to run out of town a scheming Yankee rascai named Bowman. Bowman,

Bowman.

Bowman was nominally co-operating with old Henry Vaughn in the building of a negro college, for which Vaughn was to supply the necessary funds. His real plan, however, was to get a large section of that gentleman's bank account into his hands, and thereafter to fill away to pastures new. Abner reads Bowman like a book, On page 10, we fina him saying:

him saying:

"I tell you, Henry Vaughn never will do anything anybody else wants him to do. He hain't a-goin' to build no nigger college, no how, and endow it with money that opt to go to one o' the likeliest boys & ever knowed—a boy that's been a little wild, like Henry was hisself, but a boy that's got the biggest heart and finest soul I ever run across, Henry Vaughn hain't a-goin' to do that jest to gratify a monetary spite, while he's been

Vaughn hain't a-goin' to do that jest to gratify a monetary spite, while he's been agged on to it by somebody with a big, dull axe to grind."

The allusion here was sufficiently obvious, find Bowman started. A few pages later he observes:
"I feel, Mr. Daniel." he said, "that you are against this college I am going to creek."

has had the opportunity to get together some facts as to Bowman's earlier career, he thraws them in the face of the builder of negro colleges at the psychological moment when he has ten thousand dollars of Vaughn's eash stowed away in his grip, with a long ticket bought for other climes. Vaughn's money went back into the bank, Bowman departed as gracefully as he might, and no negro college was built that year.

This opisode, however, is merely a side tessue. The real story, as we have already

college was built that year.

This oplsode, however, is merely a side issue. The real story, as we have already intimated, lies in Abner's efforts to obtain first a reprieve and then an acquittal for poor old Warren.

The subplot is found in the unhappy love of Eric Vaughn, which turns out happliy in the end, after all. High society is represented by Carlton Blathwalt and others of Eric's friends, and this part of the story is notably less well done. Mr. Harben writes very pleasantly and easily about Abner and what some might call the lower walks of life, but becomes rather stiff and stilled in reporting the conversations and doings of people of real "culture," "The Georgians", will be very welcome, however, to all the admirers of "Abner Daniel." and should also make new friends to the creater of that worthy.

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW. Written by James Branch Cabell. Illustrated by Will Grefe and decorated by Blanche Ostering. Published by the Page Doubleday Company, of New York, and for sale by the Bell Book and

and for sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company, William Heineman and Company, of Bedford Square, London, who are MitCabell's trans-atlantic publishers, characterize his book as "a lirst novel by one of the most promising American writers." The notice goes on to say that "Mr. Cabell is literary cousin to Thomas Nelson Page, Ellen Glasgow, and Amelle Rives. His story is a light comedy of love concerning the suitors of a great nelress in an old Virginia home, but the charm lies in the telling, rather than the tale. Mr. Cabell has a perfect style, sparkling with a scintillating without suitable to the subject. Already the publishers have been requested to send out a second edition of "The Eagle's

production of "Selwode" the an historic Virginia mansion sonages of his story, low, are air ready drawn from life. Perhaps some fair Virginia girl will find her counterpart in Margaret. Husonin and acknowledge the skill and fidelity with which she is depicted in "The Eagle's Shadow," Per-Margaret Tingonin and acknowledge the skill and fidelity with which she is depicted in "The Eagle's Shadow." Perhaps Billy Woods in sturdy every-day life and consciousness may smile and blush consciously over the Billy Woods, woked by the eleverness of Mr. Cabell's imagination and pen. At all events, it increases interest and stimulates curlosity for one to feel that, in coming face to face with book friends, one may be at once taking up an old acquaintanceship afresh and not learning slowly to like utter strangers.

"The Eagle's Shadow" is thoroughly and entirely modern. The "mouldy pust' has no hold upon it whatever, Vigorous young life brims it over. All the fads and fancies of the day and hour are therein exploited through their respective devotees and exponents.

Mr. Heineman calls the book "a light comedy of love." His criticism is partially, not wholly correct, for the comedy is a strong piece of realism, intended to show the influence and power of money upon American social life. "The Eagle's Shadow" is that east by the Eagle of the almighty American dollar, and the comedy turns to something very like tragedy, when Mr. Cabell gives utterance in it to such philosophy as this: "Let us console ourselves," he says, "at will with moral observations concerning the number of pockets in a shraud, and the difficulty of a rich many entering into the kingdom of heaven; but with an humble and royerent heart, let us admit that, in the world we know, money rules. Its presence awes us. And if we are quite candid we must concede that we very unfelgedly envy and admire the rich; we must grant that money confers a certain distinction on a man, be he the voriest ass that ever hechawed a platitude, and that we cannot but treat him accordingly—you and I. Dives is such good company, you see. And speaking of my own sex, I defy any honest fellow to lay his hand upon his waistoest and awar that it doesn't give him a distinct the millionaire.

"Dally we truckle in the Eagle's Shaow. "With the Eagle himself and with

liness and truth, and-ains-even common

10s pages. \$1.25, net.

Two little stories by the author of
"Hugh (Wynne") and two very good ones.

Both have appeared in periodicals, but
they will stand reading again. This is
particularly true of the second, "The
Summer of St. Martin," which is one of
the most charming love tales Dr. Mitchell
bas ever written. has ever written.

More October Magazines.

Seribner's la distinguished by the handsomest cover design of all the current magazines. It is no reflection on the interior to say that it is decidedly less alluring in appearance. It will be a surprise to some of us to learn from the advertising section that a prominent American novoliti has written the publishers in extravagant praise of "that appearance in the advertising section that a prominent American novoliti has written the publishers in extravagant praise of "that parfect masterpiece, "They"—to my mind the finest thing that Mr. Kipling has done. It is a revelation." Mr. Lloyd's serial tale, "The Soldier of the Valley, is concluded, and "The Undercurrent, by Robert Grant, is to reach an end next wonth. Shorter fiction is by Jessie Knight Hartt, Beatrice Hanscom and R. A. Stevengon. Elizabath Ritter Cary contributes an article on Henry James and others deal with "The Mouldors" and "Fighting, in Manchuria." Captain Malan continues his story of "The War of 1812.

The leading article in the Reader Magazine for October is "Business is Eusiness—The Issues of, the Campaign.," by Arthur T. Street, with a printed portrait of Alton B, Parker as frontispice. There are short slories by Emerson Hough, Elliott Flower, Wood Levette Wilson and Hector Fuller, a serial by Harold McGrath; and verse by James Whitcomb Riley. Theodosia Garrison, S. E. Klser and Emery Pottle, Erancis Lynde concludes his series of articles on loss of life by rallway accidents in America, The cover design shows a crayon portrait of President Roosevelt, by John Ceell Clay.

Maximilian Fosier has the first place in the current Outlag, with an article on a duel of two great ciks, under the title, "The Last Challenge." Other articles are on "Steaming Under Water," "The Yankee Horse." "Climbing Canadas Highest Peak," "The Domestic Trials of Bob White" and "One Way to Pack a Highest Peak," "The Domestic Trials of Bob White, and "One Way to Pack a Highest Peak," "The Domestic Trials of the Reputille." I handsomely illustrated, largely by photographs

The October number of Pearson's Magazine presents as its leading article, "Samantha at the St. Louis Exposition," by Joslah Allien's wife. Written in Samantha's well known quaint up-state dalect, the story of her experience at the fair with Joslah, her old, close-fisted spouse are rolliekingly funny.

Besides the exposition article, which has been illustrated by Grunwald, there are three other special articles. One, Albert Bigelow Palne's Thomas Nast article, with ten reproductions made from the originals of the famous cartoons; another, "Charcoal Burning," and still

hert Bigelow Paine's Thomas vas an ticle, with ten reproductions made from the originals of the famous cartoons; another, "Charcoal Burning," and still another a timely paper, "How the American is Changing His Food." In view of the recent disturbances in the great meat packing industry; the article will be read with more than customary interest.

A new tilustrated department, "The Self-Supporting Home," conducted by Kate V. Saint Maur, will make its first appearance in the next issue of Pearson's, and will be continued during a number of months. Armed with facts and with figures and balance sheets instead of theories, Mrs. St. Matu." will demonstrate that, in a practical bulness-like, ask-no-favors-of-none manner, the Self-Supporting Home, city or country, is not a meroposibility, but an absolute certainty, Mrs. Saint Maur's instalment this month outlines the general plan of the articles to come.

Mrs. Saint Mann's instanment this monitions the general plan of the articles to come.

In fiction the October number is unusually bright. "The Man in the Gray Cloak." and "How Don Q. Had Dealings with a Usurpar," are stories of adventure; "Mademois/ile of Castlerer its a love story; "Mug" is a "kid" story of the slums. "A Bubble Burst" is a strong, fascinating story of wild speculation in South African gold mines, and "Dr. Nicholas Stone" is an adventure-mystery serial based on an alleged series of life-insurance murders. The story has been widely read and commented upon by insurance experts as an interesting piece of fiction, pure and simple. Like all good fiction, pure and simple. Like all good fiction, the romance bears every ear-mark of truth; the story is in nowise, however, a narration of actual facts. In real life the impositions and swindles perpetrated in "Dr. Stone" against an insurance company would be absolutely impossible.

or other people's game maturally cut with Mr. Stanton in thinking that young a with Mr. Stanton in thinking that young a spray had here really gone over the limit.

Mr. Payne had it upon Europe as an ideal vicinity for tuning down Edges of their peers. Doily never minded it less than ever when Farquiar began coming to see her. Luclain, in his general high lights, and the story finds Gorden and young hopful in Rome. Thither, also, came the Stantons, including Prisellla. Old Payne remained at his desk in Chicago, making money every time turned around, but its heart was stronkly set on bringing about the desired match. Naturally the student of matching the beater rut.

The story is cleverly told, and sustant the desired match. Naturally the student of turn his punils hear cleim to year when the many of the people's game maturally cut the work and the two young parts and the two young the two young falls.

Mr. Payne had the tupon Europe as an ideal the work and the two young the two young the two young the parts and the work and the two young the two young the two young the stantons and the two young the stantons in the work of the peers a contain distinction on an interest the remains a depart the two young that the two young that the work and the two young the two young the work and the two young the work and the two young the work and the two young the two young the work in the work and the two young that the young the part that the thet the two young that the young the part that the thet the two young that the young the part that the thet the two young the part the young the part that the young that the young the part that the

liness and truth, and—aias—even common honesty."

So much for the ethics of the book. Its romance is very pretty indeed. The characterization has nearly quaint, subtle touches that show the insight of the author into human nature and especially into American nature, that mish, awas sail of French nature, have been the expression of a separate thought, by the Creator of mankind.

After all it is around Margaret Hugonin, the heroine of the book, that the author has let his fancy play at full. She is evidently a favorite inspiration of Mr. Cabell and one over which he has lingered with much thought and care. The result should satisfy him, for Margaret, "foundful" though he may be and much given to feminine friparies; fiftful and emotional in temperament, her perceptions dimmed by the shadow of the eagle stretched above her head, is nevertheless always and altogether we manly and therefore always lovable and lovely. The situations of the book are of the eagle is retched above her head, is nevertheless always and altogether we manly and therefore always lovable and lovely. The situations of the book are of the eagle in the case of the eagle in the case of the recent of the world. Some of the facts that he gives regarding the anital the case of library work which must add vastly to his prevented at the appearance of a plece of library work which must add vastly to his present reputation and to the prestige of his previous successes.

NEW SAMARIA. By S. Weir Mitchell, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelpha. 189 pages. \$1.25, net.

The mind glides casely onward from beginning to end with an over increasing interest. The style and finish shown in the Eagles's Shadow many be commended as remarkable for fluency and brilliant will. Mr. Cabell's many friends cannot but feel gratified at the appearance of a plece of library work which must add vastly to his present reputation and to the prestige of his previous successes.

NEW SAMARIA. By S. Weir Mitchell, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelpha. 189 pages. \$1.25, net.

The min

R. C. Latson.

The October Century brings the conclusion of Dr. S. Weir Micholl's remarkable biography, "The Youth of Washington." The work will be published in book form October Sth. The other strong fection serial feature, Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf." Is nearing its final climax and will end in the November issue. The short stories of the number include: "The Thorn that Pricked," a pathetic story of some typical experiences of the studio, by Grace Ellery Channing: "The Wallerwups," another "Miss Nigger" tale, by Rose Young: "A Ready Lotter-Writer, another Istory of the Nevada Madgans, by, Miriam Michelson; "Love at Long Distance," a humorous love story, by James Raymond Perry; "Concerning My Aunt Ellen," by Gouverneur Morris; another of Anne Warner's richly humorous Miss Clegg stories, this time "Jathrop Lathrop's Cow," and a monologue, "Richard's Practicing," by Ruth Kimball Gardiner.

"Richard's Practicing," by Ruth Rimonic Gardiner.

Most timely of all the October number's articles will be a discussion of "The Real Dangers of the Trusts," by John Bates Clark, professor of political economy at Columbia University. Among the topics which Professor Clark will take up will be the danger line as to prices, the saving grace of "potential competition," the great danger of political corruption, alliance between the trust and the boss, the danger of "trust-smashing," honest wealth and honest labor against monopolles, with some suggestions as to the remedies for the regulation of the trusts.

The Booklovers' Magazine is not only a magazine that entertains. It instructs. It does so by means of articles by authors whose words carry weight, and by an array of illustrations that crystellize the text into a glance. There is a picture on almost every page of the October number, and every picture is significant. People who like to know how things are done, and something of the people who do them, will find a group of very interesting articles in the October number of the Booklovers' Magazine. Joseph M. Rogers explains all about "Runhing a National Campaign" in a paper which is illustrated by some characteristic pictures. Harold Boke's contribution is on an unusual subject, "The Invasion of the Gold Ships," descriptive of an entirely new and revolutionary method of goldmining by ships that literally sail on land. One of Mexico's most widespread and lucrative industries is the culture of the century plant for the purpose of tapping it for pulque, the national drink of Mexico. This is described by G. Cunyng-Terry in an illustrated paper entitled "A Great Noxican-Industry." The lighter side of business is touched on by Sigmund Krapsz, who writes about "Little Tricks of Our Foreign Cousins."

Literature and the drama ure well represented in the October number of the Booklovers' Magazine. Robert Shackleton in an article, "When Shakespeure Went to Italy," argues ingeniously that the many references to Italy in his plays were the fruit of the great poet's own observations at first hand.

Julian Hawthorne's story, "The Oubliette Cryptogram," which appears in the October number of the Booklovers' Magazine, Robert Shackleton in an article, "When Shakespeure Went to Italy in his plays were the fruit of the great poet's own observations at first hand.

Julian Hawthorne's story, "The Oubliette Cryptogram," which appears in the October number of the Booklovers' Magazine, The World of Print' department is up-to-date in its selections and up to its usual high-water mark.

The Harpers brought out a holiday edition of a famous American poem-Will Carleton's "Over the Hill to the Poor-house"—on September 8th. The volume, which is newly illustrated, includes the sequel, Over the Hill from the Poor-house, in which the ne'er-do-well son returns home and takes" his aged mother from the poorhouse to a home of her own. There is also a preface written especially for this edition by Mr. Carleton. In it the author explains that both these poems were written imaginatively, but that the were written imaginatively, but that the sentiment in both has been over and over again justified by the facts of life. He writes that he "has hear's from them in many parts of the world," and adds: "Letters have often been written me by repeniant sons and daughters, acknow-"Letters have often been written me by repentant sons and daughters, acknowledging their error of indifference to the parents who had reared and loved them, and stating that reparation had been made as far as possible."

Carolyn Wells has prepared "A Parody Anthology" which makes an admirable companion volume to her widely popular "Nonsense Anthology" published a year ago. With the same rare discretion that characterized the preparation of the Nonsense book, Miss Wells, from the large number of parodles accessible, has chosen the significant and amusing. Almost all the famous writers of the last century are represented in the rank of the parodist or the parodled. It makes a collection overflowing with entertainment. The Scribners will publish it.

Daily and weekly, and even monthly

Daily and weekly, and even monthly papers persist in their error as to the existence once upon a time of Nancy Stair, the heroine of the new novel of that name published by D. Appleton & Company.

"Nancy Stair," by Elinor Macartney Lane, says a prominent weekly, "is a novel well worth reading, not only for its entertaining qualities, but for its rescue and sympathetic portrayal of a beautiful character in history, who came within the orbit of Robert Burns, the poet."

And a big daily protests that "there seems to be a perfect craze among novelists to rake in the ashes of the past for dead and gone personages with which to decorate the pages of flotlen."

A third reviewer speaks of "hurrying to Carlye" where he certainly found no mention of Nancy Stair. The publishers have given their assurance that the fascinating heroine was a figment of Mrs. Lane's imagination.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however wrowded your hours with affairs, do not fall to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

PARADISE.

By FATHER FABER.

Another hymn by Father Faber, his autograph and biographical shetch have already been printed in this series.

Who would not be at rest and free



PARADISE, O Paradise, Who doth not crave for rest, Who would not seek the happy land Where they that loved are blest?

> Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most holy sight.

Where love is never cold? O Paradise, O Paradise, Wherefore doth death delay? Bright death, that is the welcome dawn

Of our eternal day.

O Paradise, O Paradise, 'Tis weary waiting here; I long to be where Jesus is, To feel, to see him near.

O Paradise, O Paradise, The world is growing old;

> O Paradise, O Paradise, I want to sin no more, I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spotless shore.

O Paradise. O Paradise. I greatly long to see The special place my dearest Lord Is destining for me.

O Paradise, O Paradise, I feel 'twill not be long; Patience! I almost think I hear Faint fragments of thy song;

> Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most holy sight.



L. Voynich, the author Mrs. E. L. Voynich, the author of "Olive Lathan," first became known to Americans through her striking novel of the Italian uprising against the Austrians, "The Gadity." Messrs Henry Holt and Company have just had to print it for the twenty-fourth time.

Gossip Here and There About Books and Writers

series of Uncle Remus stories and verses upon which he had been working. They will appear in one of the monthly magazines, and will be Sublished by McClure-Phillips in 1905.

Anne Warner, the author of "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," which Little, Brown & Co. publish October 8th, is one of the busiest of the newer American authors. Besides her "Susan Clegg" stories which one critic says are "unsurpassed for their original character drawing, quaint humor and homely philosophy," she is the author of "A Woman's Will," published last spring, and she is given leading place with her novelected in the current issue of Ainsito's Magazine.

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THE POWHATAN

(FORMERLY FORD'S HOTEL)

Broad, lith and Capitel Sts., RICHMOND, VA.

George Wharton James, author of "Indians of the Painted Desert Region," published a year ago, is at work on a book on the Colorado desert. Professor James has established a desert home where he and his artist make their headquarters, nearby his "shack," located in the canyon, there is a hot spring with water constantly flowing at a temperature of about 107 degrees. With pack buros Professor James and the artist starf off on their frequent trips over the desert, exploring every part.

Four volumes of the Cambridge History, Four volumes of the Cambridge History, that monumental work projected by the late Lord Acton, have already been published, and the editors now see their way to bringing out a fifth without much delay. This, dealing with "Wars of Religion" is scheduled to appear next languary. The four that have appeared are: "The Renaissance," "The United States," "The Reformation," and "The French Revolution."

Charles Keeler, whose series of papers on home architecture, entitled "The Simple Home," have recently received such favorable notice is to supplement them with a continuation to appear in Impression's Quarterly (Paul Bider and Company, San Francisco). The first paper, "Society," appears in the September number of the little magazine, to no followed by "Service" and "Labor." George Wharton James's paper on "William Keith!" is published in the same number, as previously announced, and proves to be a character eketch of distinct interest. Appropriately the frontispiece to the magazine is a reproduction of Keith's painting, "Upland Pastures."

Dr. John W. Streeter made so entertaining a book of "The Fat of the Land" that it will be interesting to see how he succeeds as a novelist. At all events, he has tried the experiment, and his new book, a romance of a mountain feud in Kentucky, will be published by The Macmillan Company next week. "The Pat of the Land" is being well received in England, where attention is being called to the lessons of enterprise, thrift and common sense which British agriculturies might well draw from it.

"An American Abelard and Heloise" is announced for early publication by The Grafton Press, of New York, The author

is Mrs. Mary Ives Todd, of California, although this book was composed during a six years' visit in Italy. It is first of all a love story, full of emotion and real tenderness, and after that an indignant orn times, in church as well as in State, A fashionable modern clergyman and his adoring feminine congregation are cleverly depicted, and his change of heart is most striking. The heroine is a fine type of the high-minded American girl, to whom self-sacrifice is no stranger.

whom self-sacrifice is no stranger.

A New York literary paper which recently contained an editorial suggesting the need of a book that shall tell—e layman precisely what the Constitution means, according to legal interpretation, had evidently forgotten the late Judge Cooley's "Principles of Constitutional Law." Originally published in 1890, no book on constitutional law for the student, law or academic, or for the novice who desires to inform himself regarding the legal interpretation of the Constitution, has had a wider sale. The third edition of Judgo Cooley's work, now in general use, was revised and edited by Professor A. C. McLaughlin, of the University of Michigan.

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